

## The Critic

J. L. & J. B. GILDER, EDITORS.

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### Holmes on Emerson.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in his valuable biography of Emerson, just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., accounts, in his sly way, for the splendid Puritanism which we all like to note in our shining New England essayist. Lest any stream of the old colony blood should fail to contribute its drop, the Doctor shows us, in a brief calculation, how Providence managed to secure no less than sixty-four grandfathers, in the seventh remove, for the benefit of his hero. These sixty-four all took a hand in the making of Mr. Emerson, while an equal number of grandmothers, in a remote way, rocked the cradle and sang lullabies, or dozed over their knitting, as the little seer dreamt of angels and saints, and clarified the must of orthodoxy in his new vats. The Doctor does not, of course, undertake to show in this calculation, that all these ancestors and ancestresses were of the purest Boston Bay stock. Doubtless, if the various lines could be duly traced, it might be shown that St. Augustine was a remote connection, and that even St. Patrick blessed the stream in one of its remote sources. It is, however, fair to presume that the old Bay Colony did its part and may rightly claim the largest share in Mr. Emerson's beginnings.

One hundred and twenty-eight grandfathers and grandmothers in the seventh remove—and old Peter Buckley among them! Half as many more in the sixth, and so on down! And so many of them clergymen, too, in the New England pulpit, or diaconal pillars of the Church, upholding that snow-white forest of Puritanic and Calvinistic pinnacles that crowned the hills of New England! With such a broad-based ancestry, Emerson was certainly built on a solid foundation; and if, as his many clerical grand-sires would have wished it, he had remained a supporter of the orthodox theology, or even a prop of its intellectual offspring, the Unitarian, he would have been of the best architectural order, both for strength and beauty. He disappointed pulpit and tower, and the old theology to-day in New England is, largely in consequence of the withdrawal of his support, reconstructing its underpinnings. Emerson was a product of the Puritan, and in all the virtues his blood suffered no taint. He took the clerical side of his inheritance, and it was an enormous force, the virtues of which,

according to Dr. Holmes, have often been set down by the lapidary. 'The slabs,' he says, 'which record the excellences of our New England clergymen of the past generations are so crowded with virtues, that the reader can hardly help inquiring whether a sharp bargain was not driven with the stone-cutter.' It is one of this clerical family that the Doctor describes, and to the life, without bribing the stone-cutter, when he wrote of Emerson: 'His face was thin; his nose somewhat accipitrine, casting a broad shadow; his mouth rather wide, well formed and well closed, carrying a question and an assertion in its finely finished curves; the lower lip a little prominent; the chin shapely and firm, as becomes the corner stone of the countenance. His expression was calm, sedate, kindly, with that look of refinement, centring about the lips, which is rarely found in the male New Englander, unless the family features have been for two or three cultivated generations the battle-field and the playground of varied thoughts and complex emotions, as well as the sensuous and nutritive port of entry.' This was the New England (clergyman at his best, and Mr. Lowell puts the finishing touch to the picture: 'There was a majesty about him beyond all other men I have known, and he habitually dwelt in that ampler and diviner air to which most of us, if ever, only rise in spurts.'

The other side of the New Englander—his ingenuity and manual dexterity—Emerson had not; though perhaps he was entitled to these qualities by virtue of portions of his pedigree. 'He could split a shingle four ways with one nail,' he tells Dr. Holmes; and this, says the latter shrewdly, 'I take to be a confession of inaptitude for mechanical works.' He was not a 'whittling' Yankee, nor altogether the kind of man who would invent a plow, or treat a jig-saw with familiarity. 'Take care, papa—you will dig your leg,' was the anxious cry of his little son, Waldo, when he saw the philosopher using a spade. 'God has given me the seeing eye, but not the working hand,' the seer puts down in his manuscript. The seeing eye was not wholly the clerical eye in New England; but as far as pure intellect can lend sight to the eye, the Puritan clergy did their full part. Emerson's intellectual training was begun in the ministerial circle; but he hovered about all work-shops where the New Englander was plying his trade—building a sewing-machine or a state; and if his hand did not gain in cunning, his observation was always very shrewd. The mechanic will find the inspiring thing about his trade, and the farmer, the healthy thing, set down in the books of the man who could only 'dig his own leg' with a spade. 'He used to regret that he had no ear for music,' says Dr. Holmes, and it is told of him whose voice was music, and whose words dropped on the ear with a 'silver sound,' that when he was in college, and the singing-master was gathering his pupils, Emerson presented himself, intending to learn to sing. The master received him, and when his turn came, said to him: 'Chord!' 'What?' said Emerson. 'Chord! Chord! I tell you,' repeated the master. 'I don't know what you mean,' said Emerson. 'Why sing! Sing a note.' 'So he made a kind of a noise, and the singing-master said, "That will do, sir. You need not come again."' All the singing-masters since that day have found the same trouble with Emerson's voice. The 'chords' are always at fault. But when, by a slight dexterity in the regulation of the breath, we rearrange the Emersonian rhythm, we discover a delicious music in the words, which are so pat to the thought that they are in themselves flowers, birds and song. All the music of New England woods is in his unrhythmical strains. By a small concession of our predilection for a fixed rhythmical order, we get the key to the best effects of song. But this concession must be made. All the critics insist on it—Doctor Holmes not the least among them; and they are right. Still, every true poet, and the poetical-minded, after a brief initiation, is ready to cry: Let this admirable chooser of words, this nice observer of things, have his way with our

rules of rhythm. He will upset them all; but he will build a cathedral of song, out of whose obscurest passages the finest sounds will issue.

The New England clergyman was a philosopher warped by Calvinism. Emerson, as far as he was a philosopher at all, was so warped by the poet in him, that every builder of a philosophical system would refuse him the right hand of fellowship. As Dr. Holmes puts it, 'he had neither the patience nor the method of the inductive reasoner; he passed from one thought to another, not by logical slips, but by airy flights, which left no footprints.' His logic went underground, like our newly buried lightning; but it was sure to come up at last with a flash. It was the poet's logic, visible in its first term and last, but concealed in the middle concatenation. He had what Dr. Holmes well translates a 'good scent for truth and beauty;' and so much of the philosopher every poet must have. Outside of poetry and philosophy and religion, he was a modest, simple man, a 'good, unpretending fellow-citizen, who put on no airs' with his townsmen, and took off none with princes. He found himself on an exact equality with his immediate companions, and yet that companion, whether Giles or the Crown Prince, seems to have come away with a feeling that Emerson was just a little better than himself. That much, at least, of 'majesty' seemed to hedge him round like the divinity that doth hedge a king. 'What man was he,' says his biographer, 'who would lay his hand familiarly upon his shoulder, and call him Waldo? No disciple of Father Mathew would be likely to do such a thing. There may have been such irreverent persons, but if any one had so ventured at the "Saturday Club," it would have produced a sensation like Brummel's "George, ring the bell," to the Prince Regent.'

I like to quote from this book of Dr. Holmes, who knew Emerson, and writes as if he loved him well. In his early rounds as a doctor, he must often have pulled up his gig to let the seer pass; he must have 'burst five buttons off' many a time with that inextinguishable laughter which is said sometimes to have convulsed the gods of Trimountain, when they conned over the transcendental puzzles propounded by Emerson. After the doctor's gig gave way to the Academic gown, and the Academic gown was exchanged for the social 'swallow-tail' at *The Atlantic Saturday Evenings*, the transcendental puzzles grew less frequent, and Boston returned Emerson's angelic smile with immaculate cards. There was still, however, a wide divergence between the scientific methods of the dissecting-room, where the doctor chloroformed the poet, and the rosy supper-room of the Saturday Club, where the poet chloroformed the doctor. But wit and wisdom have their occult alliance, and there is no doubt that when Holmes met Emerson at *The Atlantic's* jovial board, the two best things in New England joined hands, and the conjunction was blessed by the sweetest smile and the sunniest laugh that ever blossomed out of the granite ledges of the Puritan character.

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

### Reviews

#### "Algonquin Legends of New England."\*

MR. LELAND is well known as a prince of 'recouters'—if it is allowed so to anglicize a French expression which is much wanted in our language. In the present instance, as in that of the Gypsies, he has been fortunate in the choice of a subject for the exercise of his faculty of narration. The Indians of New England, and of the adjoining British provinces, are known among their red brethren of the West and South by the name of Wabanaki, or Abenaki, which may be rendered 'Eastlanders.' Mr. Leland, chancing to spend his summer vacation near the remnants of the Abenaki tribes in New Brunswick and Maine, had the

happy idea of seeking to gather from them some specimens of their primitive folk-lore. His expectations were not large, and he was therefore the more surprised and gratified when he discovered among them an immense store of legends, bearing the genuine aboriginal stamp, and many of them possessing an interest of a high order. His good fortune did not end here. As riches flow to the millionaire, so good stories come to the good story-teller. Other inquirers had been already gathering Abenaki legends; and several of these collectors generously made over their acquisitions to Mr. Leland, thus supplying him with some novel myths and with many variants of those which he already possessed. From all these sources, he has been able to compose a work of great interest, which will be attractive alike to the school-boy and to the student of ethnologic science. It has the advantage of some curious illustrations—queer and quaint specimens of Indian pictorial art—drawn, or rather 'scraped,' on birch-bark, with much spirit and humor, by one of the author's aboriginal friends.

Most of the stories relate to 'Glooskap, the Divinity.' He is described by the author as a demigod or hero, the central figure of the Wabanaki mythology, 'who, while he is always great, consistent, and benevolent, and never devoid of dignity, presents traits which are very much more like those of Odin and Thor, with not a little of Pantagruel, than anything in the character of the Chippewa Manabozho, or the Iroquois Hiawatha.' In the latter reference Mr. Leland has confounded, as others have done before him, two totally distinct personages. The real Hiawatha was simply a sagacious Iroquois chief, who about four hundred years ago founded the famous confederacy of the Five Nations. Schoolcraft and other writers have confused the traditions which relate to him with the legends belonging to Taronhia wagon, 'the Holder of the Heavens'—the national god of the Iroquois, who guided them in their wanderings, taught them many useful arts, and destroyed the huge serpents, the 'stone giants,' and the other monsters that assailed them. He is a far grander figure than either Glooskap or Manabozho, and the product of a higher imaginative and moral force.

The reference to Odin and Thor prepares the reader for the new and very remarkable theory which the author proposes with regard to the origin of the principal Abenaki myths. He finds a striking similarity between these stories and the legends of the Norse Edda; and he suggests that they may have been derived from the Norse colonists who were settled in Greenland during three centuries, and were, as there is every reason to suppose, finally conquered by the Eskimo and absorbed among them. From them, he supposes, the Eskimo learned the tales of the northern mythology, which they in turn taught to the eastern Algonquins. The theory is certainly ingenious, and is supported with much learning and many examples of curious coincidences. To confirm it, however, a wider induction is needed than is possible with the materials now at command. We must be satisfied that these Abenaki legends, of supposed Norse origin, are found among the Eskimo, and are not found among the Indians of the far West, who were not in communication with the Eskimo or the Abenakies. It must also be made clear that the coincidences are not such as may be fairly explained by the similar circumstances and character of the Norse people and the eastern Algonquin tribes. Meanwhile, it must be conceded that Mr. Leland has opened a new and interesting line of inquiry, well deserving the attention of ethnologists. His theory has also the advantage of giving a certain unity of purpose and a scientific character to his book, which a mere collection of Indian legends might fail to possess.

The present work, it appears, does not exhaust all the stores of the author's collection. We are promised another volume, to comprise historical traditions, with an account of the wampum records preserved by the eastern tribes. This new volume will be expected with interest. We may feel

\* *The Algonquin Legends of New England; or, Myths and Folk-Lore of the Micmac, Passamaquoddy, and Penobscot Tribes.* By Charles G. Leland. \$2. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



sure that anything which Mr. Leland gives to the public will have all the value that conscientious research, judicious reflection, and an agreeable style can confer.

"Ramona."\*

TO SAY of a person that she is 'a beautiful woman' implies an added touch of serenity and dignity and charm to the mere fact of physical beauty—an element of something fine in the loveliness; and it is this that we should like to imply in saying of Mrs. Jackson's 'Ramona' that it is 'a beautiful story.' Pathetic, interesting, thrilling, one lays it down in a mood less of excitement than of thought. Written with an intensity of purpose scarcely to be exaggerated, it is yet written so calmly, with such reserve force evidently in command, that it will be said of it less that it is a novel with a purpose than that it is a story to leave the reader with a purpose. Mrs. Jackson, in her sympathy with the wrongs of the Indians, has indeed a cause which needs no advocacy beyond the simplest statement of the facts; yet it is not every writer—certainly not every novelist—who realizes this. It is so evident that 'Ramona' was written, not for the sake of writing a novel, but for the sake of making known our injustice to the Indians, that the beautiful art of story-telling is the more wonderful. Written in hot haste, and with a burning desire in the heart, there is no evidence of haste or of eagerness in these carefully outlined characters, this simplicity of plot mingled with intricacy of motive and fate, these beautiful descriptions of scenery, these subtle, calm paragraphs of philosophy and thought. The reader is left with a sense of perfect harmony in the work: it is what it professed to be, what it aimed to be. By this we mean the art with which the author has selected material suited to her work and then used nothing else. Many writers might compose a story of California which would contain a great deal that was Californian; but the art of Mrs. Jackson's story is shown in the fact that it contains absolutely nothing but what is Californian. From the artichokes on the cover to the smallest detail of the literary work, 'Ramona' is a tale of California. The single flaw in the story is that the reader fails to feel quite as strongly as he is meant to feel the beauty of the relation between Ramona and Alessandro. It is impossible not to feel that he was her inferior; not because he was her inferior, or because the author felt him to be her inferior; but because he himself is evidently and painfully and continually conscious that he had married his 'Señorita.' Granting the beauty of union that is implied, the second marriage is a literary mistake; yet in reality the reader sympathizes with the second rather than the first.

But apart from the story or its purpose, the reader will find exquisite enjoyment in the beautiful telling of the tale—the careful drawing of character and insight into temperament; the lovely descriptions; the local color. The same wonderful art in managing her pauses and periods which made 'H. H.'s' blank verse a revelation in poetic study, is shown here in the closing of the chapters. There is no melodramatic clap-trap for the sake of creating suspense; yet the close of each chapter is vivid, strong, and tempting. Not the least remarkable feature of the style is the perfect comprehension of other people's points of view. Never have the most absurd superstitions of Catholic belief been treated with such delicate understanding and sympathy by one removed as far as possible by taste and intellect and education from any innate sympathy with them *per se*. It is the sympathy which at once makes the reader aware of the folly, and generous to the position of those to whom it does not seem folly. The book is full of subtle thought and suggestion; sometimes a touch of character, like that answer of poor Jos, when asked if he was warm: 'Not very, mammy; but I ain't cold, nuther; an' thet's somethin';' sometimes a reflection, slipped in as if unconsciously, but full of thoughtfulness, like the casual remark:

'The people of the United States have never in the least realized that the taking possession of California was not only a conquering of Mexico, but a conquering of California as well; that the real bitterness of the surrender was not so much to the empire which gave up the country, as to the country itself which was given up.' It is seldom, indeed, that a novel combines, so many rare and beautiful qualities; but it can justly be said of 'Ramona' that it is strong in plot, ardent in purpose, beautiful in detail.

The Autobiography of Hector Berlioz.\*

Two remarkable volumes of musical autobiography have recently been given a place in English literature through an admirable translation from the French. No virtuoso or student of the divine art can afford to deny himself the exceeding—we might add, exciting—pleasure to be derived from the 'Memoirs of Hector Berlioz.' As was justly said of him by a critic he encountered in the little Russian town of Riga, the great maestro wrote 'with a dagger instead of a pen.' Everywhere in his writings there are cut-and-thrust passages, violent loves, hearty hatreds, worshipful panegyrics of the composers he adored, impatient criticism of those who opposed his ideas. He was a creature of extremes, from first to last. Age could not wither him, and under the snows of sixty winters, we have the extraordinary spectacle of a man indulging himself in a passionate affection for a widow six years his senior,—expending on her 'days of rapture' and 'nights of torture.' She had been the first love of his boyhood; but he had not seen her for nearly fifty years, and had meanwhile buried two wives, one of them, at least, loved with equal madness in her day.

Born in 1803, at La Côte St. André, in France, his earliest inspiration was quaffed at the fount of Virgil, while construing the *Aeneid* to his father, a clever and sensible village doctor. Under the instruction of the second violin from the theatre at Lyons, Hector learned to play upon the flute, and, at the age of twelve, undertook to compose a quintette for flute and strings. The strain of a pastoral composed about the same time returned to him in after years, and was introduced into the 'Symphonie Fantastique,' as the air for the violins at the opening of the *largo* in the first part of the work. Sent to Paris to study medicine, the youth found a new world in the revelations of opera and concert-hall. His passion for Glück's music overmastered him, and an admission to the library of the Conservatoire, where he could study the works of that master, ended his medical career.

Resolving to become a musician, a rupture with his parents was the result. He entered the composition class of Lesueur at the Conservatory, and then came the 'days of vast enthusiasms, great musical passions, long dreams, unspeakable joys.' From Lesueur he imbibed a great fondness for the stories of the Old Testament, and for a time his imagination was 'possessed by the East—the calm of its vast deserts, the grandeur of its great ruins, its historic past, its wonderful legends.' Thereupon followed Berlioz's first opera, stigmatized by the composer as 'a wishy-washy composition,' and a mass, performed with the aid of friends, at St. Roch, and afterward at St. Eustache. All of these earlier works were ruthlessly burnt by the author, as he progressed in art. By this time, the allowance hitherto given him by his father being discontinued, Berlioz was reduced to sore straits for food and clothing. Rather than renounce his cherished studies, and return to vegetate in his country home, he resolved to try for an engagement as first or second flute in an orchestra, whether abroad or at home. Side by side with 'five or six poor devils like myself,' he ultimately offered for a vacancy in the chorus of the Théâtre des Nouveautés, and was accepted on a salary of fifty francs a month. Cherubini, then Director of the Conservatoire, had put Berlioz into the counterpoint and figure class, con-

\* Ramona. By Helen Jackson ('H. H.') \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

\* Autobiography of Hector Berlioz. Translated from the French by Rachel and Eleanor Holmes. 2 vols. \$6. New York: Macmillan & Co.

ducted by Reicha, but under neither Lesueur nor Reicha did the young composer gain much idea of instrumentation. It was by means of pit-tickets given him to attend the opera, and by reading the score of the piece during the performance, and afterward studying it at home, that he acquired his knowledge of the subtle connection existing between musical expression and the special art of instrumentation. He now composed the overture to the 'Franc Juges,' and, subsequently, a scena for orchestra on the death of Orpheus. His severe illness from cold and overwork softened the heart of his father, who restored his allowance; and upon his recovery, Berlioz plunged at once into the study of grand dramatic music. At this time, Haydn and Mozart were but poorly given in Paris, and but little understood. So also with Beethoven—a light behind clouds.\* Weber was unknown. The public went mad over Rossini, and against this popular mania, as opposed to the schools he adored (Glück, Spontini, and the rest), Berlioz set lance in rest. We note one custom of that day which might appropriately be revived by the music-lovers of our own opera audiences in New York. 'When the overture had begun, it was criminal to speak. . . . If any one did so, we at once made use of the well-known saying, "Confound those musicians who prevent us from hearing this gentleman!"'

And now we come to what Berlioz calls the grand drama of his life. An English company performed Shakspeare's plays, then unknown in France, at the Odéon. In the part of Ophelia, Berlioz saw Miss Smithson, whom he married five years afterward. Overwhelmed by the revelation of Shakspeare's genius, the 'lightning-flash' of this first impression printed also upon the young man's heart the image of the beautiful girl who interpreted it. It was then he wrote the music to Moore's Irish melody, 'When he Who Adores Thee,' afterward included in the collection called "Irlande." Of Miss Smithson it has been said that 'no actress in France ever touched, stirred, and excited the public as she did; no one ever received such glorious eulogies from the French press as were published in her honor.' To this faraway goddess on her theatrical Olympus, the obscure Berlioz resolved to devote his genius. 'I will show her,' he said, 'that I also am an artist!' Working constantly and conscientiously, he received continual encouragement from the maestri and the public. After Shakspeare (and Miss Smithson) his next great inspiration was from the glorious pages of Goethe's 'Faust,' read for the first time in a French translation by Gerard de Norval. This he carried with him, studying it by night and day, and at last developed his musical conception of the story in his legend 'La Damnation de Faust,' following it up by the 'Symphonie Fantastique.' With the leading events of Berlioz's subsequent career, the musical world is sufficiently familiar. To gather from the volumes at hand all the delightful details worthy of quotation would require not paragraphs, but pages. Among them are his wooing of and marriage with Miss Smithson, at a time when she was broken in health and ruined in fortune; and also his acquaintance, and correspondence with such men as Liszt, Heine, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, and above all Paganini, who, on one memorable occasion, after Berlioz had conducted his own concert, went upon the stage, and, kneeling down, publicly kissed the composer's hand in token of his admiration, sending him, on the morrow, the royal gift of a purse of twenty thousand francs. The description of a scene in the streets of Paris after the Three Days' Revolution of 1830, when a mob of five thousand men, led by Berlioz, who stood upon a balcony, sang the 'Marseillaise' with the precision and power of a trained chorus, is as stirring as a trumpet-blast. So also with the account of his 'Marche de Rákóczy,' composed upon one of the national themes of Hungary to be played at his first concert in Pesth, and adopted in the hearts of the audience with electrical rapidity.

In these pages, the experience of a wayward fellowbeing,

ever restless, now delirious with happiness, again prostrate in the dust of self-abasement, is unrolled for our scrutiny. It is not reason, perhaps, but a strange fascination, that compels our sympathy with the man, long after the world has avowed homage to the artist.

#### "About People."\*

THIS is a little book, attractive at first from its convenient shape and size, and proving to contain more than some much larger books. Small as the book is, and concise as are the sentences, there is much food for personal reflection, as well as thought supplied by the author, and it is to be read, therefore, as slowly and carefully as it has evidently been written. Lacking the airiness of things that are 'dashed off,' it also happily lacks their ephemerality. It is not to be caught up while you are waiting for a horse-car; not to be taken up and read steadily through in a single evening, like a novel; but to be dipped into as you throw yourself into a big chair or on a sofa for rest that will not be less a rest for being made stimulating as well as reposeful. The book is not without humor, as when it tells us, 'Never think you really know a woman till you have served on a committee with her;' but its chief value is in certain pregnant sentences that leave you thinking out the rest of the subject for yourself, with a feeling that you too might write a book about it; as a good singer always gives the impression that it is the easiest thing in the world to sing. The very title of one little essay, 'Loyalty and Liberality,' makes one pause on the threshold and think a little for one's self before going on. The hints for thought are valuable, as when we are reminded that liberality is very apt to be mere indifference, or that in dealing with the oppressed we are to try and comprehend, not their wrongs, but what they think are their wrongs; while the hints for conduct are better still. We are reminded not to descend to the level of the poor in going to them, but to carry with us all of our luxury that we can: the old woman with the rheumatism would rather see you in your pretty gown than have you put on an alpaca when you bring her some oatmeal. We are reminded, too, that stealing may mean stealing a person's time, that not to appreciate others may be injustice, that not to repeat a pleasant thing we have heard about people is to steal their reputation; that to like making others happy while insisting that they shall do what we think ought to make them happy, is a decided form of selfishness; that to give your daughter money for an oil-painting when you know she wants a water-color, is a species of too frequent cruelty. The book is therefore really about ourselves, and how we are to treat 'people;' written from the standpoint that even average people have not only their rights but their value, and bidding us remember as a generous keynote to all conduct that people are more apt to be depressed and discouraged from lack of approval, than made self-conceited from knowledge of it.

#### Matthews's "Sheridan."†

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS has accomplished his task, as editor of Sheridan—if, indeed, that may be called a task which we feel sure has been a labor of love—to admiration. One's only regret is that 'The Critic' was not included in the work, which would then have been the ideal edition of Sheridan.

The feature of the book which will be best appreciated by playgoers is, undoubtedly, its gallery of portraits. Famous actors in famous parts, their names 'familiar in our mouths as household words,' each face seems to be invested in the memory with a sort of halo, born not of laughter alone. John Brougham as Sir Lucius O'Trigger! What a host of recollections awaken at the name! Where be his quips now? where that quaint, quiet humor, that easy Hibernian grace and somewhat fullblown courtesy? If there

\* About People. By Kate Gannett Wells. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

† Sheridan's Comedies: The Rivals and The School for Scandal. Edited by Brander Matthews. \$3. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.



are theatres in Elysium, and Sheridan caters for a disembodied audience, we doubt not that Brougham is entrusted with his old part, nor that ghostly clappings pursue him nightly from the stage. Here, too, is Mrs. John Drew, as Mrs. Malaprop, with John Gilbert as Sir Peter Teazle, Coghlan as Charles Surface, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert as Mrs. Candour—admirable impersonations all,—besides Irving as Joseph Surface, and the exquisite Ellen as Lady Teazle—representations with which we are unacquainted.

Mr. Matthews, in restoring the original text of his author, rightly attacks the stage traditions that permit the players to 'gag' their parts in certain passages. David thinks it funny to call his master's friend 'Sir Lucifer O'Tiger'; and Moses, in the auction scene of 'The School for Scandal,' ejaculates 'I'll take my oath of that,' with the regularity of a minute-gun. But the worst example of the kind we recollect, was in a certain performance of 'As you Like It'—flower of dramas—where Audrey, who had bounced upon the stage, munching a raw turnip, kept up throughout the scene an incessant sing-song of the phrase 'The gods give us joy,' accompanying herself with a sort of war-dance that struck terror into the beholders. In the famous screen scene of 'The School for Scandal,' the effect of a passage in which Sheridan strikes a false note is so exaggerated by the misplaced emphasis of one of the actors as to become positively painful. We refer to Charles Surface's parting speech after the fall of the screen. Mr. Matthews defends Sheridan by attacking the modern impersonators of Sir Peter Teazle, 'who,' he says, 'take the situation to heart, as though "The School for Scandal" were a tragedy, but . . . this scene is, and is meant to be, comic, and not tragic, or even purely pathetic. It is the vanity rather than the honor of Sir Peter, in which he feels the wound.' We dissent. The sympathies of an English-speaking audience, at least, will always be with the injured husband, and from the moment of its climax the scene passes at once into melodrama. What is Lady Teazle's final speech but melodrama of the most telling kind? The fault is rather with the Charles Surface, who is accustomed to deliver his jests, like dagger-thrusts, accompanied by peal upon peal of heartless laughter—laughter that is echoed by the audience in a half-hysterical way. But the speech itself, as Sheridan wrote it, is by no means so brutal. Charles is a man of the world, and sees the whimsical side of the affair; but he is, or affects to be, somewhat bewildered at the jumble of things, and perhaps his banter may even be a mark of delicacy—an attempt to laugh the matter off before taking his leave. At any rate, we should like to see this conception-carried out.

We have left ourselves no space to praise Mr. Matthews's Memoir and Critical Essays, which are in all respects thorough and well-judged.

#### "In War Time."\*

IT IS PROOF of the fine work of its kind that Dr. Mitchell has put into his novel, that on finishing it one immediately wishes to re-read it. Not for the story; there is no story. Such events as cluster about any of the characters except Dr. Wendell and Ann Wendell are of very little interest; nor does one turn back thoughtfully for certain spicy little touches that have been enjoyed at times all the way through. One turns back to re-trace the growth of a character, or rather the secret steps in the descent of a character. The story has been written to illustrate 'that inexorable law of human souls, by which we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds in terrible crises by the daily reiterated choice of good or evil which gradually determines character.' Or, as the author himself would put it, it is the story of the large results of what seemed singly to be but trivial failures, insignificant lapses from merely the highest standards, made terribly significant at last when interaction has given to such lapses a body of weight. It is the story of a nature designed

to illustrate, soon or late, the certainty of failure, where, although the machine be competent, its driving power is inadequate; of a nature full of gentle, lovable, almost noble qualities, but lacking the courage which is the backbone of character, the life of every virtue. As the study of such a nature the story is a wonderful success, not because we are shown a tender, refined, lovable man, absorbed in study and scientific research, on the first page, and a poor, weak, miserable fellow, who has wrecked reputation and happiness and self-respect, on the last page; but because we are shown the exact process by which the transformation is made. We see not only that he has fallen, but we see him fall. We are interested, not in the fate of a man who took trust funds, but in the temperament of a man who had so much rather be honest than dishonest, yet who gradually came to take trust funds. It began with weakness of the simplest type: with reporting himself as present at the hospital at a certain hour, when he had arrived ten minutes after the hour. It was of slight importance that he was a little late, but it was of terrible significance that he dared not risk the appearance of being late. The study of this gentle weakness resulting in criminal carelessness is admirably done; and the more because the author has brought into sharp contrast with it in Dr. Wendell's own sister, a study almost equally admirable of a strong and morbidly conscientious nature.

A fine touch in the book is the fact that the final crisis is brought about as much by Ann's conscientiousness as by Dr. Wendell's lack of conscience. Ann on the war-path of duty, rigidly determined to do what she thinks is right in a matter of pitifully small importance, really is the cause of her brother's final act of criminal carelessness, resulting in the culmination of his unwillingness to accept consequences in criminal deceit. This is a great tribute to the fact that no one is wholly a slave either to temperament or circumstance; it is the combination which rules us, and which should leave us generous to those who seem governed by either. A few points in the book seem singularly trivial to be introduced as pivots; such as the stress laid upon the killing of one particular man by another particular man in the events of war, and the account of Wendell's cowardice given to Alice by Colonel Fox. But other points are wonderfully fine and effective; such as Alice's refusal to suspect Wendell, and her final recoil; and the book as a whole is certainly an artistic piece of work.

#### Some Holiday Publications.

CASELL & CO. brought out, last year a portfolio of etchings by American artists, with text by Mr. S. R. Koehler, which was deservedly well received by the public. They have now issued a second collection of plates, the best results of the year's work of the artists represented. ('Twenty Original American Etchings,' \$100.) A notable improvement is manifest in turning over the contents of the portfolio. With the exception of Mr. Guy, whose plate of a little girl teaching her baby sister to sew is his first, everybody shows a clearer idea of the limits and capabilities of the art than was shown last year. And Mr. Guy seems to be by no means lacking in a perception of what etching is good for. There is no plate in this series the success of which can be said to depend on very artistic printing. Every one stands, mainly, on its merits as a piece of work done with the point. The expedients by which a few tints can be obtained in printing, that may help out the line work, have not been ignored; but the tendency is evidently to rely upon them as little as possible, and a very proper tendency it is. Mr. Samuel Coleman's sketch of olive trees on the Riviera is very broadly treated in line, with a few values kept well apart. Mr. Charles A. Platt has a more finished study of old houses in a hilly street of Rye, Sussex Co., England. A more elaborate study of a scene nearer home, a point on the New Jersey shore of New York Harbor, with an old house and shipping, is by Mr. Henry Farrer. Mr. C. A. Vanderhoof brings us back to the old country with a sketch of the banks of the Thames at Limehouse, with Whistler-like wharves and warehouses and a Haden-like sunset. The late E. F. Miller is represented by a delicate and careful study of grass and flowering weeds on a summer afternoon. Miss Edith Loring Pierce has a strong composition in a wild moorland scene

\* In War Time. By J. Weir Mitchell. \$1.25. Boston Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

with water in the foreground and a clump of dark trees in the distance. Among the figure subjects, besides Mr. Guy's picture, there is a capital study by T. W. Woods of an old cooper, newspaper in hand, who is meditating over the article which he has just been reading. In many respects the best etching in the collection is Mr. Gaugengig's 'Bellissima.' It is a young lady, sleighing, who is worthy of her name; and who handles the ribbons with most captivating grace. Only a small portion of the sleigh is shown and nothing of the horse, yet the sense of motion is communicated to the spectator in a wonderful degree. Slighter, but still very agreeable, etchings are contributed by Mrs. M. N. Moran, Mr. J. C. Nicoll, F. S. Church, Kruseman Van Elten and others. The work is complete in a single portfolio, a pocket in which receives Mr. Koehler's pleasant and valuable notes. The book is sold by subscription only.

FREDERICK KEPPEL publishes a fine etching by Mr. Joseph Pennell of 'Coal-Wharves on the Schuylkill' at Philadelphia. Mr. Pennell has taken up seriously the line of subjects found so favorable for etching by Mr. Whistler; but while he suggests Whistler he is by no means an imitator of that eccentric but clever artist. His recent work has been invariably good, and this plate is no exception to the rule.

WHEN, in 1872, Mr. Browning prepared a volume of selections from his own writings, he strung together the chosen pieces 'on the thread of an imaginary personality,' and 'presented them in succession, rather as the natural development of a particular experience than because he accounted them the most noteworthy portion of his work.' Seven years before, he had made a selection on the same principle from the works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and to the latter volume he desired his own to be, 'in outward uniformity, at least,' a companion. In four volumes whose outward uniformity is as perfect as he could have wished, these two series of selections have just been re-issued by Macmillan & Co. (\$5.) The external appearance of the books is beautifully simple, though not more so than we have learned to expect all the books that bear the imprint of this house to be. As to their contents, no one can question the propriety of Mr. Browning's principle of selection; and yet there can be little doubt that the popularity of these volumes would be greater, if he had seen fit to include within them 'the most noteworthy portion,' not only of his own work, but of his wife's as well. Yet we should hesitate to say that we prefer to his own any of the compilations from his writings which other hands have made. In each of these there is an abundance of his lyrics—songs which need no musical setting to enhance their loveliness, and which remind us anew that in Browning we have a poet who is so full of sentiment that there is no room in his heart or writings for the faintest trace of sentimentality. To persons who choose gift-books for their intrinsic worth rather than for their gorgeous covers, we heartily commend this boxful of Browning.

THE illustrated volume of Shakespeare's 'Seven Ages,' favorably noticed in these columns a fortnight since, is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia.

'THE FLOWER SONG SERIES'—'Roses and Forget-Me-Nots,' 'Pansies and Orchids,' 'A Bunch of Roses' and 'From Moor and Glen'—contains selections, some of them in fac-simile of the author's handwriting, from such poets as Holmes, Aldrich, and 'H. H.,' illustrated with finely colored groups of flowers, and put up in illuminated covers with silk tie and fringe. The various parts should make most acceptable Christmas and New Year's presents. (White, Stokes & Allen.)

THE SPLENDID remains of the only period in which England can be said to have been an artistic country are illustrated and described in a handsome volume, edited by Rev. Prof. Bonney, F.R.S., and published by Cassell & Co. ('The Cathedral Churches of England and Wales,' \$5.) A few of the ancient buildings described are the Cathedrals of Canterbury, Durham, and Lincoln, York Minster, and Christ Church, Oxford. Of later times, the modern St. Paul's seems to be the only example. The editor writes: 'All poetic feeling in art appears to have been utterly extinct in England during the latter half of the last century.' Accordingly he does not deal with the work of that time or since, except incidentally to condemn the attempts at restoration of ignorant or careless persons. But he finds a better feeling prevalent now, and there is, doubtless, a widespread desire, not confined to England, to know something about the great Norman and Gothic monuments of that country.

The book is well calculated to add to this desire. The articles, thirty-five in number, are written by persons specially well acquainted, each with his own particular topic. The Rev. E. Venables, Canon of Lincoln, writes of the history and present condition of Lincoln Cathedral. The Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt discourses of Oxford; the Rev. W. E. Dickson, Minor Canon of Ely, describes Ely, and Professor Birney, St. Paul's, Rochester and St. Albans. The illustrations, of which there are upwards of 150, are all wood-cuts, mostly taken from photographs. Few of them are quite up to the American standard, but all are clear and evidently correct presentations of their subjects; so much so that the book cannot fail to be a valuable one to the architect, as well as to the student of English history, and the general reader.

'CROWELL's favorite edition of the 'Popular Poets' is printed on fine, calendered paper, bound attractively, and fully illustrated by popular artists. The series contains the works of Mrs. Browning, Burns, Dante and Goldsmith, Moore's 'Lalla Rookh,' Scott's 'Marmion,' etc. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.50 each.)

'DOCTOR JOHNSON: His Life, Works, and Table-Talk' is a very pretty little volume, containing much of what is best in Boswell's larger work, with a great deal of interesting matter derived from other sources. It is covered with vellum paper, the leaves are uncut, there are old-fashioned head and tail devices, and there is a pleasant proportion of margin to text. (Scribner & Welford.)

IT IS only when a poet's fame is well-established that he has the satisfaction of seeing his works published in the luxurious form of the 'Illustrated Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes,' recently issued by Houghton Mifflin & Co. (\$5). The selection has been made by the Autocrat himself, and comprises twenty-nine of the most popular pieces he has written—showing patriotism in 'Old Ironsides' and 'Brother Jonathan's Lament,' pathos in 'Under the Violets' and 'The Voiceless,' religious faith in 'A Hymn of Trust,' humor in 'Dorothy Q.' and 'The Last Leaf,' rollicking fun in 'The One Hoss Shay,' and a rare combination of all these qualities in some of the less hackneyed selections. A fine etching from a comparatively recent photograph of Dr. Holmes serves as the frontispiece of the volume, whose heavy and highly finished pages are adorned with illustrations of a high order of merit by twenty different artists, some of whom are as well-known as Bolton Jones, Howard Pyle, J. F. Murphy, Wm. T. Smedley, and Frederic Crowninshield. First in the book, and serving as an introduction to it, stands the 'Ave,' reprinted recently in these columns from the pages of *The Atlantic*. The volume is a very handsome one, and will save many book-buyers further trouble in deciding on a gift that cannot fail to please.

THE author of 'John Halifax,' whose 'Unsentimental Journey Through Cornwall' we have followed with so much pleasure in the pages of Macmillan's *English Illustrated Magazine*, has been honored by a new setting for that book in as handsome a holiday volume as heart could wish. All that fine paper and careful printing could do has been done to make permanent the record of this tour. (Macmillan. \$4.)

### Books for the Young.

A FIRST-RATE book for boys is Mr. William H. Rideing's story of sea-life—'Boys Coastwise.' (Appleton, \$1.75.) From the opening chapter, which introduces us to the studio of a well-known New York painter of marine subjects, in the loft over a boat-builders' shop in South Street, all the scenes described are real, and, what is more, the author's descriptions and the pictures accompanying them, may easily be verified by any smart New York boy. From South Street and its wharves, we are led among pilots and pilot-boats, are taken for a cruise in the Petrel, witness the wreck of the Susan Hale, are told all about the sand-hills and salt-meadows of Barnegat, take a turn with the men of the life-saving station, and make the acquaintance of the ship-news reporter. We go on a tiger-hunt in the wilds of New Jersey, and afterward visit Mr. Hopkins's bird and animal store, and learn a good deal about wild beasts. We have legends of wreckers and sharks and odd fishes, and find out how a sunken steamer is raised, and see something of light-house life. Then we come home by way of Long Branch and Sandy Hook, and see how the North River looks on a foggy morning. Such a trip as this, whether in fact or in imagination,



is likely to do any boy good; and, as there is nothing more necessary for boy or man to know than his own surroundings, Mr. Rideing's story can be highly recommended on the score of utility. The volume is full of pictures, very good of their kind, and the author has not acquired the pedagogic knack of making interesting facts tiresome in the telling of them.

'STORIES FOR YOUNG CHILDREN,' by E. A. Turner, (Ginn, Heath & Co.) is a little pamphlet beginning with a few simple remarks, that only maternal emphasis could make appear as a story, for the very youngest little people, and gradually increasing the imaginative element until some very charming little tales appear at the close. It is excellently printed, in good, clear type, and the little people will find it a very nice kind of book to learn to read from.

EVERY BOY should read the life of the Chevalier Bayard, and they will hardly find a more attractive edition than that of Dodd, Mead & Co., translated by E. C. Kindersley, and bound in a handsome silver cover, with a picture of the knight backed by a *fleur de lis*. The book is filled with illustrations, and is sure to attract all boys who love to read of brave deeds and noble lives.

FROM Messrs. Cassell & Co. we receive three pretty volumes which can safely be recommended to Santa Claus for his Christmas stockings. One—'Bo-Peep'—is for very little men and women, and revels in big type and bright pictures. The other two—'Hither and Thither,' by Mary D. Brine, and 'The Duncans on Land and Sea,' by Kate Tannat Woods—are for older children. The stories in both are entertaining without any startling adventures or mishaps, and the illustrations are profuse.

'GOLDEN HOURS' is a large book, printed on handsome paper, and illustrated from designs by M. E. Edwards. The verses in it, which are intended for little children, are credited to Mrs. Sale Barker. The best of the pictures are not the many-colored plates, but those printed, like the letter-press, in one tint—an agreeable brown. (Routledge. \$2.50.)

'GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND,' by Mrs. Herbert Martin, (Dutton: Girls' Own Favorite Series) is a pleasant and original story about a young girl left destitute at a hotel on the sudden death of a rich relative, and hired by a family of *nouveaux riches*, who have taken a fancy to her, in order that she may keep them posted in *savoir faire*. The position is not a painful, though sometimes an awkward, one; for the family are gentle by nature if not in blood, and the mentor at last finds her own guide, philosopher and friend for life among them.

'THE TRIPLE E,' by Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark, (Lothrop: Young Folks' Library) is the story of a young girl with three E's in her initials, which really stood for Esther Eggleston Erfts, but were typical of Endurance, Earnestness and Enterprise in the struggle with poverty and disappointed love.

WHAT with American and with imported games, and with those that are common all the world over, the youth of this country must be said to have a sufficient variety of amusements. Mr. Henry Chadwick, in his 'Sports and Pastimes of American Boys,' (Routledge. \$1.50.) enumerates about one hundred and twenty of them, and, to our knowledge, does not exhaust the list. He makes a good selection, however, though leaning, as do all writers on amusements, a little too much toward those that are scientific or a trifle burdened with rules. It is our belief that there is little genuine fun in a game that may be taken up as a profession; and we wish that the author had given more space to simple games, like hand-ball or hurling—which last he calls shinney,—and to out-door sports, like gunning or fishing, and somewhat less to cricket and baseball and tennis and chess. Such exercises as swimming and riding, too, demand much more space than is given to them. But, on the other hand, such excellent games as football and lacrosse, and such peculiarly American winter sports as ice-yachting and snow-shoeing and tobogganing are well described, and there are clear directions about curling and skating, about canoeing and bicycling, and about indoor games like draughts and billiards. Though the book is intended for boys, the girls are not forgotten, and many games are described in which they are expected to join. Among these are croquet and forfeits. The illustrations are numerous, and most of them very good, the best being the pictures of bicyclers and snowshoers. Some of the smaller cuts may be taken as showing how not to do the feat depicted, but the great majority are correct and useful. No doubt there is

hardly a boy—or girl, either—but may learn a number of new and desirable amusements from the book.

'HARTY, THE WANDERER,' by Fairleigh Owen, (Dutton: The Boys' Own Favorite Series) is full of excitement and adventure; but although the adventures are rather improbable, they will interest the boys and not harm them. Indeed, as the story of a boy who ran away from home, or rather played truant and was carried farther away than he intended, it is one of the many books that help to keep the boys at home, by making their leisure hours in the house full of innocent entertainment.

### An Honor to New York.

NEAR the centre of Manhattan Island is Lenox Hill, and Lenox Hill is crowned by the new buildings of the Union Theological Seminary, which were dedicated on Tuesday, December 9. No one, except those self-tormenting levellers who grumble at church-spires because they are more conspicuous than the neighboring chimneys, will find anything inappropriate in so commanding a site for an institution designed to train Christian ministers; and everybody who cares for solid learning, and desires to see New York become, distinctly, an intellectual metropolis, will rejoice in this fit though tardy honoring of one of its most honorable schools. The Adams Chapel was crowded on the dedication day to listen to the vivid and powerful address of President Hitchcock, successor of Dr. William Adams, who told the history of the Seminary, and outlined the firm and broad principles to which it adheres. The prayer of dedication was offered by Dr. John Hall. A crowd was present again later in the day, when congratulatory speeches were made by college presidents and seminary professors of national reputation. A devotional meeting in the evening concluded the exercises. The buildings are an ornament to the city, and the thanks of all citizens are due to James Brown, Edwin D. Morgan, D. Willis James, Morris K. Jesup, Frederick Marquand, D. H. McAlpine, and others, older and younger, whose princely gifts have made their erection possible, and contributed so largely to render the institution itself worthy of so noble a structure as its home. We trust that if Union Seminary needs more money it may get it speedily, and in case benevolence does not call forth abundant donations, let an appeal be made to civic pride.

### The Lounger

WHEN I was in Boston, a fortnight or so ago, I paid my respects to Dr. Holmes, who was good enough to take me upstairs into his study, as he wanted me to see where he lived and worked. It was just before dinner-time, and the sun had long since set, but there was light enough for me to see the waters of the Charles flowing by, and the flickering lamps of Cambridge, which Dr. Holmes pointed out in the distance. 'It is from this window that I look out upon my aviary,' said the Autocrat.

Through my north window, in the wintry weather,—

My airy oriel on the river shore,—

I watch the sea-fowl as they flock together

Where late the boatman flashed his dripping oar.]

Dr. Holmes did not quote these lines, but he wrote them in 'My Aviary'—one of the most delightful of his many delightful poems. 'It is strange,' he said, as I stood gazing out of the window, 'that all these birds seem to congregate right there, so that my window-sash forms the boundary of my aviary.'

WHAT an advantage the Boston poet has over his New York brothers! Think of living in a house that faces the most fashionable street in the city, yet whose back windows overlook a classic river, and see the open country beyond! The poet who is fated to live on Manhattan Island, on the other hand—even though his house may stand in Fifth Avenue—probably sees a squatter's shanty, with its accompanying goat pasture, in front of him, and hears from his back door the shriek and rumbling of the Elevated Railroad—at sound of which, Pegasus gallops off affrighted.

IT WOULD be hard to keep one's temper in reading *The Academy's* review of Julian Hawthorne's *Life of his father—Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife*,—if the reviewer's own state of

mind were not so ludicrously apparent. 'The Scarlet Letter,' the writer thinks, 'will probably last.' Hawthorne wrote this 'one good tale, and several pretty ones.' But in most of his writings, 'what vulgarity of sentiment' do we find, 'what clap-trap, what dire gravitation to twaddle!' 'There is no harm in the man, a good deal of sense and sharpness, much kindly affection, but absolutely no dignity of mind.' So much for the father. As to the mother, some of her letters are quoted, with a protest against 'the brainless chatter and base interests of the fine ladies.' 'Surely,' exclaims the reviewer, 'other couples have lived and loved before, and maundered and slobbered over their babes, dinners, and second-best antimacassars. The Hawthornes were a little bit sillier than others, that is all.' Why so hot, my little gentleman? You remind me, somehow, of a maniac I once heard of, who thought he was a postage-stamp, and beat his brains out against a lamp-post letter-box, in a foolish attempt to get inside and affix himself to an envelope. The letter-box wasn't badly damaged—it was an iron one; and the letter went safely on its journey. But one shouldn't shed his brains lightly, no matter how addled they may be.

[IN LOOKING over a copy of *The Quiver*, my eye fell on the following sentences in a new serial story:

The next morning was clear and bright, though piercingly cold, and Dr. Boyd felt his spirits rise as he walked briskly to Waterloo station. He had a few minutes to wait, and pausing at the book-stall, he bought a copy of the *Times*. It was a thing he had not done for years, and he smiled grimly at his own extravagance. 'It's a piece of snobbery,' he told himself, as he took his seat in a first-class carriage. 'I suppose it's quite the correct thing for a consulting physician to read the *Times*;' and yet it was almost mechanical. 'I don't know why I bought it, and I certainly don't feel disposed to read it.'

Could anything better show the position of *The Times* in England? Fancy there being an American paper that a man would buy to establish his financial and social standing! Our millionaires, as well our workmen, read two-cent papers—or even one-cent papers, if they prefer them,—and they don't feel that they are losing caste by doing so.

THE WRITER of the literary letter from Boston to the Springfield *Republican*, speaking of Mrs. Pennell's 'Mary Wollstonecraft,' in the Famous Women Series, says: 'Mrs. Pennell, who is an Englishwoman, evidently writes with a bias in favor of Mary Wollstonecraft.' If Mrs. Pennell is an Englishwoman, I am surprised to hear it. She is a niece of Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, and although she has lived abroad a good deal, her home is in Philadelphia. As Miss Elizabeth Robins, she wrote many papers for *The Century*, *Harper's Monthly* and *The Continent*, on the picturesque features of Philadelphia, which were illustrated by Mr. Pennell, the etcher. I noticed that the two worked together a great deal, so I was not very much astonished when I received a letter one day signed 'Elizabeth Robins Pennell.'

### The Salmagundi Show.

OF THIS year's Salmagundi exhibition, if there were more to see, there were more to say. No vast wealth of imagination, no profundities of feeling, are to be detected here to any large extent; it is necessary to enter the Academy doors bearing charity in one hand and patience in the other, if the visit is not to be in vain. What bewilders one more than anything is the respectability of the greater portion of the work, regarded from the outlook of the studio. There is training, patient endeavor, there is often talent behind these pictures; but it is the rarest thing to find high or fine sentiment, robust thought, or originality. The illustration of books, magazines and newspapers has always furnished the staple work for the members of this sketch-club and the contributors to its annual fairs. The number of these periodicals and books is circumscribed, and when a certain proportion of the offices are filled by approved men who do satisfactory work, the margin of demand is small. But suppose a number of magazines, weeklies, and other periodicals cease to exist; suppose the book-trade is timid in launching new schemes, and contents itself with reprinting such former ventures as have proved safe; suppose, too, the general market for works of the fine arts is languid, in sympathy with the other markets glutted with sterner stuffs;—what are the poor artistic cicadas to do then? Many must become

discouraged, and either continue to produce work of little value, in the hope of seizing the phantom of popularity by catering to an inferior taste, or else altogether stop producing. Some such cause appears to underlie the present state of things, so far as they relate to black-and-white. Even for the trained critic it must be hard to keep distinct and tabulated in comparative degrees the various items of this exhibition. Ordinary observers will perhaps remember some charming landscapes by Harry and Warren Eaton; a 'Roadside Idyl,' from Norway, by Hagborg; a clever, but somewhat hard and thin, picture of a tramp seizing a cock, by A. B. Frost; certain half humorous scenes from rural home-life by W. T. Smedley; a 'Study of a Lion,' by F. S. Church; a war-scene—'Battery Forward'—by W. H. Shelton; and a good drawing by Carroll Beckwith—'The Law'—in which there is some distinction. 'X, Her Mark' is a careful drawing, by C. Y. Turner, of an old woman whose expression is excellent in denoting the importance she attaches to her sign-manual, but whose features do not appear to belong to the classes that cannot read and write. It is one of the best things from this artist up to the present time. The European tour of C. S. Reinhart is to be thanked for some capital hits that occupy the dividing line between character-sketch and caricature, such as 'The English Tourist,' 'On the Corso,' and 'Carnival Sketches.' The best, because freshest, are the sketches of men in the German Diet—Bismarck, Moltke & Co., and their Socialistic, Ultramontane and Alsatian opponents. 'The Last Load,' by W. H. Gibson, has a fine Inness effect in the landscape, but is hurt by the lightning which meanders thickly down the side of a black cloud after a fashion never seen on earth or in heaven. John Mazzanovich has some pretty little bits of landscape, and Sarony several carefully sweetened figures. Odd, rather than pleasing, will be the word for an impressionist drawing by John S. Sargent—an Oriental figure with stand of perfume. Hugo Salmson's 'Grandmother and Child' is nicely drawn; so are some small pen-and-inks by Irving R. Wiles. The sculpture is not very important. A bust of George Inness by J. S. Hartley; 'Good-Morning,' a terracotta statuette in the approved Italian nursery vein, by the same sculptor; and a bronze bas-relief of a pretty boy, by an amateur, nearly exhaust the list.

### Books in the British Museum.

[Interview with R. Garnett, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

THE reading-room in the British Museum, like so many other great institutions, began in a very small way. It was an order of the trustees before the Museum was opened for the purposes of inspection and study in 1759, 'that the corner room in the basement story be appropriated for the reading-room, and that a proper wainscot table, covered with green baize in the same manner as those in libraries, be prepared for the same, with twenty chairs of the same kind as those already provided for the several departments of the house.' The first 'keeper' of the reading-room was Dr. Peter Templeman, the translator of 'Norden's Travels in Egypt.' The twenty chairs sufficed for the demand. The poet Gray gives an amusing account of his visits thither. 'I, this day,' he says in his correspondence, 'passed through the jaws of the great leviathan which lay in my way, into the belly of Dr. Templeman, superintendent of the reading-room, who congratulated himself on the sight of so much good company. We were—a man that writes for Dr. Burton, of York; a man that writes for Lord Royston; a third that writes for the Emperor of Germany or Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; Dr. Stukely, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and I, who only read to know if there is anything worth writing, and that not without difficulty.' This embryo reading-room contained from fifty to sixty books of reference, and only two volumes of prints and drawings were allowed in one day. Books and manuscripts had to be applied for the day before they were required. For the first twenty years no ladies came to the reading-room, and the first who did come came to draw. For thirty years the attendance of readers continued small. The first impetus to an increase was the French Revolution, when refugees of note found a solace for their ennui in the limited capacities of



the reading-room library. Yet, few and far between as were the readers, the 'keeper' evinced a certain sense of responsibility, for it is recorded that he consulted the trustees on admitting a certain anti-Christian manuscript by a learned Jew, which he argued would not be pernicious, as the ignorant would not read it, and the souls of the learned were of little importance.

In 1838, the second reading-room was opened. This was constructed to hold one hundred and twenty readers, but frequently two hundred crowded in. The atmosphere of the place was stifling, producing what was called 'Museum meggrims.' Autograph collectors would have found a splendid field in the old tickets, many sackfuls of which were once carted away as waste paper, containing the signatures of Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, Lamb, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, Washington Irving, Rogers, Sidney Smith, Hallam, Thackeray, and Dickens. The public at last became clamorous for more books, and so, according to Mr. Panizzi's scheme, the present magnificent circular chamber was erected, and was opened to readers on May 18, 1857. In its diameter the dome of the reading-room exceeds all others with the exception of the Pantheon of Rome, which is 2 ft. wider. The diameter is 140 ft., and height 106 ft. That of the lantern, or central light is 40 ft. There are besides twenty circular-headed windows, 27 ft. high by 12 ft. wide. They are 35 ft. from the ground. The reading-room has accommodation for 320 readers, who are ranged at tables radiating from the centre. To each reader is allotted a space of 4 ft. 3 in. in length by 2 ft. 1 in. depth. He is also supplied with pens, ink, and blotting-pad. The heating and ventilating arrangements are admirable. A superintendent was specially provided to keep order and to give every facility in their researches to readers. Nearly 20,000 volumes are at the command of readers without the formality of a ticket. The superintendent at the period of our interview, who has since retired from the reading-room to devote more time to the administration of the printed book department, of which he is an assistant-keeper, was Dr. Richard Garnett, L.L.D., son of the late Rev. Richard Garnett, who from 1838 to 1850 was assistant-keeper of printed books.

'As a rule,' said Mr. Garnett, in the course of a conversation the other day, 'the chiefs of literature do not now often come here; at present among authors of recognized eminence who use the room frequently are Mr. Lecky, Professor Gardiner, and Mr. Leslie Stephen. Great men of letters employ persons to make researches for them. The falling off of distinguished readers began in 1830, the controlling influences being, I take it, the great increase of libraries and clubs, all of which possess works of reference; and also the migration to the western or south-western districts. Forty years ago the squares in our neighborhood were fashionable quarters of residence, and Gower and other streets boasted many dwellers of world-wide fame.' 'At the time of the late Lord Lytton's death it was stated that he had the privilege of a room to himself, where were his desk and papers ready for his use.' 'If this was the case, I never heard of it,' Mr. Garnett replied, 'Lord Macaulay had a table to himself in the King's Library; but then he was a trustee. The present Lord Lytton has been here frequently while writing what has appeared of his father's life. Shakespeare has devoted disciples here. Mr. Furnivall reads constantly; also Mr. Tyler and Mr. Harrison, well-known worshippers at the shrine of the poet of all time. These latter gentlemen have succeeded in identifying the Dark Lady of the sonnets as Lord Pembroke's lover. Shakespeare reminds me of Miss Mary Anderson, who came here to study the character of Lady Macbeth, and this autumn she again favored us, for the purpose of studying Veronese life of the time of Romeo and Juliet; but actresses come chiefly to use the costume books. Foreigners are well represented. Eminent German professors come in their vacation time to study old English literature, or consult classical or Oriental MSS. Our American cousin favors us with occasional visits, generally to look up his genealogy, that he may with the instinct of race identify himself more closely with the mother country. One American gentleman expressed his surprise to me that the use of ink was allowed to readers, and suggested that pencils, as in the States, should be substituted. I admitted that the disadvantages of ink were many and grievous, but suggested that its advantages were even more considerable, and said ink was preferred by readers, whose accommodation even in trivial matters the State consulted, and that very little damage resulted from the privilege. "Sir," he said, "I am delighted with the liberality of your sentiments, and when I return to Rochester, New York, I shall take care to make them known to the citizens."'

'Outside causes often swell our numbers. The prize mania in the weekly papers, for instance—double acrostics' principally.

A young lady's "weekly" offered a prize for competition which for some weeks kept our biographical department busy.' Mr. Garnett was desirous, however, that it should be known that the proportion of frivolous books called for was small. The novels sent into the room have been frequently counted, and have never been found to exceed 3 per cent. of the whole number of books. 'I remember,' he said, 'being on one occasion much impressed by the noble bearing of a venerable clergyman who came to me for assistance in obtaining a book he required. I was sure he would ask for some learned book of divinity, and was not a little surprised when he named Crawley's Billiards.'

The number of readers has sensibly increased since 1875, when I entered on office. The average was then 350, an average sustained pretty equally from 1863 to 1876, since which time it has gradually risen to 500. No, the Education Act is not the immediate cause of this increase. One of the chief incentives has been the bibliographies on special subjects distributed on stands conveniently placed. This boon to the reader was the idea of Mr. Bond, the chief librarian. Another cause is the accession of some important compilations, supplying classified guides to important descriptions of literature, of which I may mention as specially deserving of notice "British Topography," a classified index of all the works on the topography of Great Britain, prepared by Mr. J. P. Anderson, now clerk of the reading-room. Another is Poole's "Index to Periodical Literature." This is a subject index, and therefore a key to much valuable information hitherto practically sealed to students. Great undertakings, too, like Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Biographical Dictionary" swell our numbers. The electric light, the introduction of which is due to Mr. Bond, is another cause. So, too, is the keeping of the room open until eight o'clock during certain months of the year. The library itself it not lighted, only the reading-room. When the day fails no books can be obtained by ticket. All the reader has at his command are those contained on the ground-floor of the room. I am happy, however, to be able to tell you that a catalogue is being prepared of all the works of reference contained in the lower galleries which run round the room, and these, having the benefit of the electric light, will be accessible in the evening also, thus laying open to readers nearly 50,000 books of reference. This catalogue will, of course, greatly facilitate research.

'You would like to hear something of the progress of the over-verting of the manuscript catalogue into print. When I entered on my office here, I saw the coming necessity, for the sake of economy of space, of resorting to print. In consequence of the incorporation of general and supplementary catalogues, and the accumulation of entries, there was a certainty of their being, sooner or later, 9,000 volumes of manuscript catalogue—three times as many as the reading-room could contain or the public conveniently consult. Print was the only remedy for this coming block. To have effected this change at once, had such a thing been practicable, would have cost the Treasury £100,000. They however granted an annual allowance of a limited amount. The most bulky volumes are selected for printing, so obviating the perpetual rebinding and relaying. Supposing that each volume will take 9,000 titles, then, as the reading-room will accommodate 2,000 volumes of the catalogue without encroachment on the reference library, sufficient space will have been provided for eighteen millions of titles, or for three centuries' accumulations at the present rate of increase. A few years ago we were at an utter loss how to accommodate less than three million titles. Unless, however, we are to work chiefly for posterity, our scale of operations must be greatly accelerated. At the present rate of progress the catalogue cannot be completed before the end of the present century. We have now completed about seventy volumes, which comprise the contents of about three hundred manuscript volumes. These have cost on an average £100 each volume. Now our arrangements will reduce the cost nearly a sixth. It would be well worth the Museum's while to print the catalogue for its own sake, even if it did not dispose of a single copy. At present an annual subscription of £3 10s. entitles the subscriber to all the volumes of the general catalogue—not a large amount to acquire a register of the literature of the world. We may one day see the whole of the printing of the Museum a special department, like the Clarendon or Cambridge University Press, with a head and staff of its own, and carrying on operations by the side of which those I have mentioned will appear diminutive. There are also, I may mention, special catalogues for maps, music, and Oriental manuscripts. The map catalogue is being printed.'

'You must have strange questions asked of you at times?' I asked, 'and strange subjects brought under your notice for research?' 'Yes, that is so; but readers come here in good

faith, and the most eccentric of them is not a legitimate subject of ridicule. I may give you, however, one or two specimens of peculiar queries. A gentleman once asked me in one breath if there were any extant autographs of Jesus Christ, and did I know Mr. Mocatta, diamond merchant, of Bernard Street. A lady asked for a particular cookery-book which she was told in a dream she would find in the library. It had a plate illustrating the carving of various dishes, and contained a recipe for curing ham. A book answering to this description was found. I understood, too, that during my absence lately a gentleman asked for works on the subject of sorcery, and afterward wished to know if there was any wise man in the room who could raise the Devil for him, but, unfortunately, we had no warlock at hand. Persons often came to verify some pseudo old master, and this class, I am bound to say, have one virtue—they are easily satisfied. On one occasion, we directed such an inquirer to some catalogues of paintings, in which, when a name is not given, the work is presumably anonymous. The picture in this instance was supposed to be by Correggio. Under this name was a motley list of flowers, fish, and flesh, Dutch interiors, sea-pieces, landscapes, and Court beauties—all anonymous. My friend set them all down to that painter, and finding a description that answered to his picture he went away satisfied that he possessed a veritable Correggio.

Bookworms are rare, but lately some were found in a book recently imported from Candia. Mr. Blades, who has written on the subject, has vainly tried to breed them. He is now preserving one, in hopes of its becoming a moth, and so discovering its genus. I should like to add one thing in conclusion,' said Mr. Garnett, with justifiable pride; 'and that is, that the regulations of the British Museum reading-room are probably more liberal than those of any other first-class library in the world. I may also add that the measure of the success of the reading-room will usually be the degree in which the superintendent can succeed in identifying himself with the pursuit of the readers, and making them his own.'

### Almost a Tragedy.

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

THE following dramatic episode is told in an unpublished letter from Mrs. Carlyle to one of her friends, which has been kindly placed in our hands by a correspondent. The fragment has never seen light before, to the best of our knowledge:—

I dare say you never heard me mention a Mr. M.? He was introduced to Mr. C. by Emerson while in London. Mr. C. (Carlyle) had heard of him long ago from John Sterling, and liked him, and invited him here. We found him on acquaintance a man of considerable faculty, unappreciated where appreciation was really important for him—by publishers. He wrote clever things that nobody would print and give him money for, while the hundred and twenty pounds with which he and his wife and one child came to London two years ago (!) was slowly but surely melting away, although he did what he could to eke it out by writing sermons for preachers who could not compose them at first hand. When he first came here he was within ten pounds of starvation, still, however, keeping up the appearance of a gentleman. Mr. C. exerted himself for him in several directions—wrote to Lady A. about him, etc., etc, but all without result. One day Mrs. Macready applied to me for a private teacher for one of the boys too nervous to be sent to a public school. I recollected M. as likely to suit, though teaching was not his calling, and Mr. C. wrote a letter in his praise to Mrs. M., and after communicating with Mr. M. in America, M. was engaged by them three weeks ago to teach the little boy two hours a day, at a salary of £65 a year. They are so liberal always, these darling Macreadys! I was glad to have helped to put him in a way of keeping soul and body together. Well! on Thursday night of last week he came to tea, as he was in the practice of doing at long intervals, but asking at the door if we were alone was told by Helen 'Yes; but not expecting visitors.' Whereupon he turned to go away, saying he would come back another time, and Helen, with her usual extraordinary want of tact, instead of letting him go, said 'Stop till I tell Mr. Carlyle,' and rushed in upon Mr. C., just risen from the sofa, where he had been sleeping, cross as people are with after-dinner sleeps, and bothered with the prospect of having to entertain a certain— from Manchester, whom we had invited to tea at the request of G—. You know his horror of having to speak to different sorts of people at one time; this, in the mood he was in, was enough to make him forget that M. was poor, very proud and sensitive, as poor men of unrecognized genius are apt to be, and anxious to avoid the complication, he answered her question

'Was Mr. M. to come in?' with a sharp, 'Say I am engaged, and hope he will return soon.' Which message I heard at the top of the stairs with a shudder, for I felt how the man would interpret it into unwillingness to produce him before one's fine people. My first impulse (always the best) was to run downstairs and let it go no further, and insist on Mr. M. coming in. But I hesitated in fear of the sour looks and after-scold, and in the moment of hesitation the man was dismissed to walk back four miles! That was Thursday. On Tuesday morning Mr. C. received a letter from an unknown individual at B. (the native place of M.'s wife) to the effect that, 'understanding Mr. C. had been some time acquainted with the late Mr. M., the writer would be greatly obliged by some particulars of his sudden death, which he had just heard from M.'s mother-in-law.' You may figure the shock! There was more in it for me than a sudden death of an amiable, clever man. A horrible suspicion darted through my mind—had he committed suicide?—perhaps that night he had come in an emergency to ask some favor of the only man he thought his friend, and he was turned away because there were visitors—was not this enough to sting such a sensitive creature to the quick? Might it not have been the last drop in his cup of bitterness that made it run over and spill his life? I would not suggest this horror to Mr. C.; but I saw that something of the sort was in his own mind, and that doubled my apprehension. I must be off to see into the thing, to help the poor widow with money at least. C. encouraged me to go. Darwin had appointed to drive me to the Pantheon that day—after a basket. I could not wait his time. I would go up to him in the omnibus, and get him to drive me to the street near—square where the unfortunate man had lived. To lose no time, before starting I wrote a hurried note to Lady A., telling what had happened, sure that she would offer money for the widow. Darwin was shocked at my story. He begged as a kindness to be told how much money I should like given. At least I hoped to get her provided for. And with this one clear idea in my head we drove to the house, the belief of a suicide gaining on me all the way. At the door I felt so physically sick that I could hardly get out of the carriage. I knocked myself very softly, and was opened to by a stupid servant-girl. I asked, 'How is Mrs. M.?' 'As well as could be expected.' 'I wish to see her,' I said. 'Will you take me to her at once? If you ask she may refuse, as I am an entire stranger to her, and I must see her.' The girl stared. 'But Mrs. M. is gone!' 'What! gone for good? to B—?' 'Oh no; she is only gone a little way to buy mournings.' 'Mercy of Heaven!' I thought, there are women whom the skies falling could not drive from their 'three thousand punctualities.' But I was not going to be turned back by my romantic disgust, the woman might need money all the same, all the more indeed. Meanwhile, how should I put any question on what so much of my peace really depended. 'Now, in what manner did your master die?' While I hesitated the girl said, coolly, 'But Mr. M. is in the house; you may see him.' I positively staggered as if a pistol had been fired into me—she could never mean the body. Yet these London lower orders are so fond of showing bodies, or was it a father or brother come up to bury him! I durst not let myself go to the hope that the man was alive after all. 'Take me to him,' I gasped out, and followed her upstairs into a poor bare, clean little room where a pretty child sat writing at a table, and behind it stood the dead man as alive as could be. I did not throw my arms round his neck and cover him with kisses—rather a wonder, you will say. I merely clasped my hands together and cried out, 'Oh, my God! I am so glad!' and then burst into tears. If you just try to conceive the sudden revulsion of feeling you will not find this very silly. The man's stupefaction I shall never forget; he evidently thought me gone mad, for he said soothingly, 'Mrs. Carlyle! how are you? I hope you are quite well.' I sat down and took out my cry, unable to give any more detailed explanation than in broken words, 'They wrote you were dead. I came to comfort your wife.' 'Oh, not at all, I assure you. I am very well, thank you, very well.' 'But your mother-in-law said you were dead!' 'Oh, no; not me. My wife's brother died the other day, but I am very well, thank you.' The platitudes of these assurances will give you some idea of the man's utter stupefaction! At last the absurdity of the whole thing, especially of my own streaming eyes over a live man whom I did not care a bit about except in the way of general humanity, rushed over my mind and sent me off into uncontrollable laughter; in fact I had got hysterical, and no wonder. But I remembered Darwin sitting in the carriage at the door, picturing out a very different scene, and I started up, and, bidding Mr. M. come with me, I led him by the hand to the carriage, and said, with my face all swollen with



crying, 'Here is the dead man.' A new surprise, new laughter! On the way home we bought the basket after all. When Mr. C. came in at dinner I met him in the dark lobby that he might not see my face, and kept silent till he had asked, 'Well, my dear, have you got that sad business over?' Then I went close up to him, with a deep sigh, and whispered into his ear, 'Mr. M.'s compliments to you, and he is very well indeed.' What a relief to him also! The dead man was asked to dinner for next day, and was very merry here along with William Forster, and if that ain't a pleasant story you are ill to please.

### Current Criticism

**LORD TENNYSON'S NEW PLAY:**—Lord Tennyson has not yet perceived the width of the chasm that yawns between literature and the drama. He has written a play called 'Thomas a Becket,' and published it yesterday in London. Its heroine is Fair Rosamond, who, being saved from death by Thomas a Becket, devotes herself in turn to save the Archbishop. The author does not design this work for the stage. 'It is too long,' he says. But it has a worse disqualification than its length. Its plot is unplayable. There are thousands of 'dramatic ideas' which are quite impossible on the stage. The old stories of love and lovers' sacrifices are the only possible plots. Without them the most poetic fancy can do nothing. If poets, novelists, men-of-letters would master this truism, that queer excrement, the 'literary drama,' would cease to exist.—*The New York Herald.*

**SOME AMERICAN TYPES:**—If there is to be more than one variation of the American type, it is difficult to perceive how the species could be more cleverly hit off than in the characters of the male and female blackguards who surround Daisy Miller. Whatever Mr. James's intentions, the vulgar affectation of refinement and social importance, common to the snobs and snobesses of our glorious country, has never been more happily or more humorously hit off. Certainly there must be something more than mere artifice in an art fine enough to hand bodily over to our contempt even those Americans who are supposed to be fastidiously familiar with all the forms and shapes of English and foreign etiquette. Such is the dexterity of Mr. James's art in this direction, one feels in one's bones (as the phrase is) that, compared with the American-English and Continental rabble, Daisy Miller would be a precious possession, even though she rubbed snuff or chewed gum.—*Joel Chandler Harris, in The Current.*

**AN AMIABLE PRIVATE CITIZEN:**—To begin with, the book is perfectly nugatory for three reasons. First, because in no case could Hawthorne's life justify 660 pages, except of his own writing. His literary rank was confessedly not of the first; he had no share in any great intellectual movement; he was not a type of any peculiar phase of life or manners worth record. An amiable private citizen of literary habits, he has no claims to the publicity which, indeed, he never courted. Secondly, the long series of his own and his wife's 'Note-books' and 'Journals,' and also 'Our Old Home,' have already told us enough and to spare of the productive years of his life. Biographies have since appeared, and, apparently, there is in America a whole library of Hawthorniana. Thirdly, and worst, this book ['Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife'] adds simply nothing. It is mainly a collection of hitherto rejected scraps and unimportant letters.—*E. Purcell, in The Academy.*

**PROF. FAWCETT'S CHEERFUL COURAGE:**—Few of those who were in the habit of meeting Professor Fawcett have failed to be invigorated by the cheerful courage with which he met the painful problem of his life; and to many of the blind scattered far and wide over the world his name has been ever since it was known to them a perpetual source of encouragement. His example showed what force of will and a pure ambition could do to overcome the gravest natural obstacles. What a strong and gifted man may do for himself, however, has to be taught to others less self-helpful. Both in the higher and in the elementary teaching of the blind there remains abundant room for progress. In certain institutions it may be said to be as good as it can be made to be; but in too many the intelligent method is lacking. The difference is at once evident to any visitor who compares one Blind Asylum with another. The contrast between the spiritless and half helpless inmates of the one with the active and cheerful members of the other—many of whom the visitor has a difficulty at first in believing to be blind at all—is an unmistakable proof of what systematic teaching can effect in

overcoming natural deficiencies and in turning an unfortunate into a happy lot.—*The Saturday Review.*

### Notes

THE January number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* appears in its new cover, from Mr. Lathrop's fertile pencil. It is printed in bronze-colored ink on light blue paper, and is as striking a cover as one will find on the news-stands. This publication is fast making a place for itself among our magazines. It has a field of its own, which it fills with great success.

—The edition of 'Stops, or How to Punctuate' issued by Geo. H. Buchanan & Co., of Philadelphia, is a very neat reprint. In it, the publishers affirm, the 'numerous errors' of the English edition are corrected—errors which, in some cases, 'contradicted the rules of the text.'

—Mr. J. C. Derby has gone to New Orleans to compile the official Catalogue of the Exposition.

—In the January *Century*, Captain Eads and Rear-Admiral Walke will write of the Mississippi gun-boat service, describing the naval engagements at Belmont, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Memphis, and Island No. 10. Of the February number, containing General Grant's 'Shiloh,' 175,000 copies will be printed. In March, Col. J. T. Wood will describe the Monitor-Merrimac engagement. Col. Wood is the senior surviving officer of the Merrimac.

—An interesting exhibition of sketches and studies by Mr. Elihu Vedder, Mr. George Wharton Edwards, and others, is being held at the galleries of the American Art Association.

—George Routledge & Sons publish an ideal primer, by Wm. Mavor and Kate Greenaway. It is called 'The English Spelling-Book.' With such a guide-book as this, the road of A B C should be an easy and a happy one to travel.

—We regret to hear of the death of Bastien Le Page after a long and painful illness. M. Le Page was one of the most interesting of the latter-day figure painters of France. His most famous painting, 'Jeanne d'Arc,' is owned by an American gentleman, who has now more reason than ever to congratulate himself upon its possession.

—We have received from Mr. Wm. H. Farrington, of Elizabeth, N. J., the following open letter addressed to the editor of the American Men-of-Letters Series:—Pardon my presumption in appealing to you through the open columns of THE CRITIC, but as I have failed to find in the different lists of announcements for the forthcoming additions to your most estimable series of literary lives, the names of the following American authors, I would ask if they have been contemplated for the near future? Most acceptable as are all those distinguished writers already given us, or that have been announced, still if these I venture to suggest are not as brilliant stars in our literary firmament, yet they are men who in their day helped to build up and form our literature, and are also authors whom I believe all our literary people would be glad to hear something about. I refer to Charles Brockden Brown, Charles Fenno Hoffman, John P. Kennedy, John Trumbull, James K. Paulding, and Lewis Gaylord Clarke.

—The January number of *The Art Amateur* has, as an extra attraction, a colored plate by Miss Dora Wheeler. The design represents a mermaid disporting among the fishes at the bottom of the sea, and is very graceful and appropriate to its purpose—a tapestry for a yacht portière. This number of *The Art Amateur* is unusually full and attractive.

—One hundred and two sermons by the Rev. Dr. Talmage have been gathered together into a single volume and published by Funk & Wagnalls under the title of 'The Brooklyn Tabernacle.'

—Ground has been broken at Lasell Seminary for a gymnasium, and when the building is completed, Miss Ransom will instruct the sweet girl undergraduates in 'physical exercises adapted to the need of each pupil.'

—To be a helper and counsellor to the woman toiler, and a faithful reporter of the industrial doings of women for the benefit of those who are not obliged to work for their living—such is the object of *Woman's Work*. The paper is a new one, and is edited and published in Brooklyn by Mr. George J. Manson, whose past experience in journalism should qualify him to edit such an organ with much success. Judging from the first number—that for December—we should say that *Woman's Work* was destined to be of practical interest and value to working-women everywhere.

—David Douglas, of Edinburgh, will add Mr. Aldrich's prose-works to his well-chosen, neatly printed and cheaply sold edition of well-known American authors.

—After January 1, *Junges Volk* (*Young Folks*) will be published twice, instead of once, a month. The Christmas number, just issued, contains twice the usual amount of reading matter and illustrations, the text being better than the pictures. Although this magazine does not enter into serious competition with *St. Nicholas* or *Harper's Young People*, it yet has some notable merits, not the least of which are its low price and unexceptionable tone. What distinguishes it from other papers, is the fact that its contents—original as well as selected—are printed both in English and in German.

—The latest issues of the three leading children's magazines are holiday numbers. *Wide Awake* appears with a colored frontispiece—a reproduction, in eighteen printings, of a water-color by F. H. Lungren. Among the more notable contributors, apart from the artists who illustrate the text, are Edwin Arnold, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Edward Everett Hale, C. E. Craddock and Susan Coolidge. The frontispiece of *St. Nicholas* is an engraving by Cole from Velasquez's portrait of the Infanta Marguerita Maria. Mr. Whittier, Miss Alcott, 'H. H.', Christina G. Rossetti, Frank R. Stockton and many others contribute prose and verse. *Harper's Young People* is brimful of pretty pictures, and has a seasonable cover designed by the humorous pencil of Mr. F. S. Church.

—With the beginning of the new year, *The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* will enter upon its fifty-seventh year as a weekly medical paper, and will thenceforth be published by Cupples, Upham & Co., at the Old Corner Bookstore, Boston.

—To the present generation, Lord Hervey's 'Memoirs of the Reign of George II.' is a book almost unknown, though it is full of interest, and met with a very cordial welcome from the English public when first issued, in 1847. Messrs. Scribner & Welford now announce a new edition, in three volumes. The work is edited by John Wilson Croker, whose own Memoirs have recently been given to the public.

—A pamphlet containing an address by Dr. Wm. A. Hammond has been issued in commemoration of the celebration of Founder's Day at Lehigh University, on October 9, 1884. The 'Founder,' whose memory is henceforth to be honored on the second Thursday of every October, was Asa Packer, whose gifts and bequests to the college aggregated nearly \$3,000,000.

—Mr. Gosse proposes giving, at Johns Hopkins University, a course of six lectures on 'English Literature from Shakspeare to Pope,' or the causes and history of the change from the romantic to the classic school in the Seventeenth Century, beginning Monday, January 5. He will also, by special request, give two lectures on the poet Gray, to whose life and writings he has recently given special attention. At the same college, Prof. Hiram Corson, of Cornell, will give a course of twenty lectures on Shakspeare, beginning on Friday, January 23, and continuing on successive Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays to March 11. His plan is to present the plays on the human side rather than on the scholastic.

—It has been objected that while Herodotus correctly described the Phoenix as a bird with 'plumage partly red and partly golden,' he never could have seen a picture of it in Egypt, because he adds that 'the general make and size are almost exactly that of an eagle.' The Benu—which was the crest or arms of the town now known as Behnesa—undoubtedly had long legs like a heron. Dr. Pleyte, however, having adopted the view that the geographical papyrus of Boulaq is a copy of the wall-map of the Labyrinth, Mr. Cope Whitehouse claims for the Greek historian one of those undesigned coincidences which establish his veracity. In the vignette of Ha-Bennu, the bird is sitting, with its long legs doubled up under it. Herodotus is particular to refer to his recollection of such and such occurrences. The rhapsodist depended upon his memory; Egyptian birds are usually depicted standing. Hence his error as to its height. A point of far greater importance, however, is made in the suggestion that if the Southern basin of Lake Mœris was the Sea of the West, in the Desert opposite Oxyrhincus-Behnesa, then the story of the Phoenix is directly connected, like many another Grecian fable, with the annual revival of the Lake through a channel across the Libyan Mountain. It is a striking feature in the researches of Mr. Whitehouse that he seeks to arrive at, not only a mythological or archaeological principle, but a deeper depth, and is content with nothing short of a commonsense origin and practical application of what has seemed to be a mere poetical phantasm.

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

**No. 844.**—1. What is the best book on the subject of mineralogy for a mining prospector to possess? 2. What is the best work on the assaying of ores and minerals?

SALADO, TEXAS. A. R. CRAWFORD.  
[1. E. T. Dana's 'Text-Book of Mineralogy. 2. Rickett's 'Notes on Assaying.' Both of these books may be obtained through any bookseller.]

**No. 845.**—Where can I procure a copy of Herbert Spencer's letter on English opinion during the War?

LEE, MASS. D. M. WILCOX.  
[It was published in the *New York Tribune* some five or six years ago, and can be found by consulting the files of that paper. It is not reprinted in Spencer's collected writings.]

**No. 846.**—Kindly give the address of some concern that prints books for authors. I don't mean, of course, a regular publishing house.

JACKSBORO, TEXAS. H. H. MCCO.  
[The Authors' Publishing Co., of Bond Street, New York, of which we know nothing except its name.]

**No. 847.**—Who is the author of the following lines, and where can I find the work?

I see more light  
Than darkness in the world; mine eyes are quick  
To catch the first dim radiance of the dawn,  
And slow to note the cloud that threatens storm.

I detect  
More good than evil in humanity.  
Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes,  
And men grow better as the world grows old.

UTICA, N. Y.

W. AFMADOC.

**No. 848.**—Is there any book from which one can learn the method of conducting a reading club?

SOUTH WINDHAM, CONN. C. L. G.  
[The Best Reading, and 'Hints for Home Reading,' New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

**No. 849.**—What was the nationality of Balfe, the composer of 'The Bohemian Girl,' and what is the pronunciation of his name?

PRIOR LAKE, MINN. ANNA R. BOLLES.  
[Irish. Balf.]

**No. 850.**—Who first called *a, e, i, o, and u*, the vowels of the English language?

SOUTH NORWALK, CONN. A. S.  
[We take this question to mean, Who first used 'vowel' as an English word. It is the French *voyelle*, from Latin *vocalis*, in the same sense. Skeat gives as his earliest authorities Levin's ('Manipulus Vocabulorum,' ed. 1570), who spelt it 'vowell.' Perhaps Dr. Murray, when he reaches V, in the Philological Society's Dictionary, will carry the history farther back.]

**No. 851.**—In reading General Lew Wallace's 'Ben-Hur' recently, I was much struck by the first chapters describing the meeting of the Wise Men in the desert. Is there a legend about such a meeting, or is the idea purely original with the author? If there is such a legend, kindly tell where it can be found, and oblige

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.  
[We know of no such legend.]

TWO SEEKERS.

### ANSWERS.

**No. 839.**—Mr. Ellis will find the articles—two of them—which he desires, in the weekly edition of the London *Times*, under date of August 8 and 15.

CHICAGO, ILL. EDWARD F. WILLIAMS.

**No. 841.**—When I last visited Mr. Browning, in June, 1883, I took advantage of the occasion to ascertain whether 'the good news' had any basis of fact. He informed me that they had not. The poem was written off the African coast, while on a yachting trip, in the Mediterranean. Having been some days at sea, and feeling the monotony of it, he longed to be on the back of his favorite horse, York; and wrote the poem descriptive of an imaginary gallop from Ghent to Aix, between which places important historical news must often have been carried in hot haste. Mr. Browning showed me the original draft of the poem, in pencil, on the fly-leaves of an Italian book he had taken with him—Bartoli's 'Simboli.' He has stated the same thing in a letter dated Jan. 23, 1881, and published in *The Academy*, April 2, 1881, from the Boston *Literary World*, where it first appeared, in reply to an inquiry from an American correspondent. Mr. Furnivall has given this letter in his *Browning Bibliography*, published by the Browning Society—page 49, note 1.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y. HIRAN CORSON.  
[Albert B. Robinson, of Gowanda, N. Y., sends us a note to the same effect.]